

Tell. And if

He were, art thou so lost to nature, as
To send me forth to die before his face?

Ges. Well! speak with him.

Now, Sarnem, mark them well.

Tell. Thou dost not know me, boy; and well for thee
Thou dost not. I'm the father of a son
About thy age. Thou,
I see, wast born, like him, upon the hills;
If thou should'st 'scape thy present thralldom, he
May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray thee
Relate to him what has been passing here.
And say I laid my hand upon thy head,
And said to thee, if he were here, as thou art,
Thus would I bless him. Mayest thou live, my
boy!

To see thy country free, or die for her,
As I do! (*Albert weeps.*)

Sar. Mark! he weeps.

Tell. Were he my son,
He would not shed a tear! He would remember
The cliff where he was bred, and learned to scan
A thousand fathoms' depth of nether air;
Where he was trained to hear the thunder talk,
And meet the lightning eye to eye; where last
We spoke together, when I told him death
Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,
Embraced for virtue's sake. He shed a tear?
Now were he by, I'd talk to him, and his cheek
Should never blanch, nor moisture dim his eye—
I'd talk to him—

Sar. He falters!

Tell. 'Tis too much!

And yet it must be done! I'd talk to him—

Ges. Of what?

Tell. The mother, tyrant, thou dost make